1603] [c] A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS >

izth March [c] A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS *

There is a new play at the Rose by Thomas Heywood played by my Lord of Worcester's men Herein one Master Frankford, having taken into his household one Master Wendall as hi* familiar friend, is by him made cuckold; whereupon Mr Frankford being informed thereof by his man and finding his wife and Wendall bedded together, takes no further revenge than to send his wife away to one of his manors, and all her goods with her lest anything remain in his house to remind him of that wrong. By which kindness Mrs Frankford is so over-come that she quickly dieth of a broken heart Showeth also the misfortunes of one Sir Charles Mountford that quarrelled with his neighbours at a hawking and slew two of his men.

March AN OFFENSIVE SERMON Mr Richard Stock in his sermon at Paul's Cross uttered these words * I have lived these some few years, and every year I have heard an exceeding outcry of the poor that they are much oppressed of the rich of this city, in plain terms, of the Common Council All or most charges are raised by your fifteenths, wherein the burden is more heavy upon a mechanical and handicraft poor man than upon an alderman, proportion for proportion ' Further he said, * You are magistrates for the good of them that are under you, not to oppress them for your own case I would speak to him which is the chief of the City for this year What is past cannot be remedied, but for the future, as far as lies in your power, prevent these things ' These words are very offensively taken by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City

The Queen has been so ill that her recovery was doubted, but now she begins to improve , for whereas she was ten or twelve days without being able to sleep, for the last three or four nights she has slept four or five hours, and also she begins to eat and drink something She will not hear a word about medicine, nor has done during her illness Four days ago she had a defhmon in the throat some of the doctors thought it was a little aposthume which opened into her month and flowed down her throat and might choke her, for she was hali